

2008

## Crescendo

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### Recommended Citation

Cashera, Jenna (2008) "Crescendo," *The Laureate*: Vol. 7 , Article 17.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol7/iss1/17>

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# Crescendo

Accordion bellows press together,  
push out the air. Middle C stretches,  
moans—struck with a yarn mallet.  
Your teeth glow green, our eyes pinch shut.

Perched at your vibraphone, you play  
wah wah wah and I sweat pregnant with an accordion,  
folding and unfolding. Pulsing in our stomachs,  
a rich tone unravels, throbs in our joints. Feet tap,

keep beat as notes slap themselves  
to walls, the room hums and we become  
faint with sound. Perfect pitch planted  
on my tongue to lick your glowing teeth.

Your rapid pedaling continues.  
Chords slide down metal and wrap around  
our skin. Notes bend, spiral down  
our throats, sing to twisted bones.

